Tho.ˢ Jolley Esq.ʳ F.S.A.

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A fig for Momus:

Containing
Pleaſant varietie, included in Satyres,
Eclogues, and Epiſtles, by T. L. of Lincolnes Inne Gent.

Che pecora ſi fa, il lupo ſelo mangia.

AT LONDON
Printed for Clement Knight, and are to bee ſolde at his ſhop at the little North-doore of Paules Church.
1595.

To the Right Honorable

and thrice renowmed Lord, William *Earle of Darbie:*

T. L. his moſt humble and deuoted ſeruant, *wiſheth all health and happines.*

MY honoured good Lord, hauing reſolued with my ſelfe to publiſh certaine my poems, and knowing them ſubiect to much preiudice, except they were graced with ſome noble and worthie patron: I haue followed the example of *Metabo*, king of the *Volſchi*, who deſirous to deliuer his onelie daughter from all perill and danger, conſecrated and dedicated hir to the ſiſter of the ſunne. So I no leſſe carefull of my labors, then

the king of his *Camilla*, with deliberate and aduised iudgement, wholy deuote, and offer vp my poems to your fauour and protection: who being the true *Mæcenas* of the *Muses*, and iudiciall in their exercises, are of power to relieue my weaknes, by your worthines, and to priuiledge me from enuie, though she were prest to deuoure me: If midst your generall fauour to all desert, your honour vouchsafe this particular benefite to my industrie, no day, or time, (as *Tully* counsaileth) shall define the memorie of your benefits, but as your noble father in mine infancie, with his owne hands incorporated me into your house, so in this my retired age and studie, my labour, lines, and whole life, shall be imployed to doe you honour and seruice.

Your Lordships most bounden in all humilitie,

Thomas Lodge.

To the Gentlemen Readers whatsoeuer.

GEntlemen, I know you wonder, that hauing so long time kept silence, I salute the world with so peremptorie a title: But if thou consider the reasons before you enter into mislike; you shall be satisfied, and I excused.

I entitle my booke (A fig for Momus,) *not in contempt of the learned, for I honor them: not in disdaine of the wel minded, because they cherish science; but in despight of the detractor, who hauing no learning to iudge, wanteth no libertie to reproue.*

VVho worthily deseruing the name of Momus, *shall rather at my hands haue a figge to choake him, then hee, and his lewd tongue shall haue a frumpe to check me: Sheepe are sooneſt woorried by curdogs, because they are mild: but hee that nips him soundly, that bites him cowardly, purchaseth his owne peace, & escapes much perill.*

Heraclitus *intituling one of his bookes with* Ponou Encomion, *the praise of labour, King* Ptolemey (*causing all the copies to be bought,*) *commanded the first letter of* Ponou *to be put out, and called the booke* Onou Encomion, *the praise of the asse: But haa* Heraclitus *begun with* Ptolemey, *and toucht him with cowardly flight from* Demetrius, *with effe-*

minate vanity in apparell, with exceeding gluttonie, and drunkennes; with his letcherie with Agathoclea, *and bawdry with* Oenante, *the King would rather haue giuen a talent to ſtop his mouth, then deuiſed (by taking away of a letter) to abuſe his title. Where detraction is giuen to chalenge, it is good ſtriking firſt, for whelpes that are whipt for brauling, are quicklie quiet.*

This cauſe (gentlemen) hath drawne me to vſe this title, and vnder this title I haue thought good to include Satyres, Eclogues, *and* Epiſtles: *firſt by reaſon that I ſtudie to delight with varietie, next becauſe I would write in that forme, wherin no man might chalenge me with ſeruile imitation, (wherewith heretofore I haue beene vniuſtlie taxed.) My* Satyres *(to ſpeake truth) are by pleaſures, rather placed here to prepare, and trie the eare, then to feede it: becauſe if they paſſe well, the whole* Centon *of them, alreadie in my hands ſhall ſodainly bee publiſhed.*

In them (vnder the names of certaine Romaines) where I reprehend vice, I purpoſely wrong no man, but obſerue the lawes of that kind of poeme: If any repine thereat, I am ſure he is guiltie, becauſe he bewrayeth himſelfe. For my Eclogues, *I commend them to men of approued iudgement, whoſe margents though I fill not with quotations, yet their matter, and handling, will ſhow my diligence: For my* Epiſtles, *they are in that kind, wherein no Engliſhman of our time hath publiquely*

written

written, which if they please, may draw on more; if displease, haue their priuiledge by authoritie. Briefly, I haue so written, as I haue read: so read, as I can iudge: In which respect, if any man doubt, let him aske and I will resolue him: if any man reproue, let him looke to it, I will nip him: for as I am readie to satisfie the reasonable, so I haue a gird in store for a Railer. Finally, gentlemen as Prometheus, *after he had formed his image of earth, presented it to the sunne; and* Ops *when she had brought forth* Iupiter, *(for feare lest he should be deuoured by time, figured in* Saturne*) gaue him in keeping to the* Cureti; *So I present this fraile image of my art, to take life, and light, from the sunne of your approued iudgements, & desirous to commend, this infant of my wit to immortalitie, and defend it from the assaults of time, and enuie: commit, and submit it to your protection, the true* Cureti *of all cunning:*

Who accepting these fragments in good worth, shall shortly receaue from me, matters both worthy regard and reading.

Vale 6. Maij.

1595.

Yours as you vse him,

T. L.

Gentle Reader, faultes escapte correct thus:

Satyre 1. page. 2. line. 17. reproou'd, reade reprooued. page. 4. line. 5. will, reade. ill. line. 8. *dele* ( ). *Epist.* 1. *ad Momum.* p. 2. lin. 22. maners, reade moouers pa. 3. l. 19. humors, r. humor. *Eclog.* 2. p. 1. l. 14. were, r. now. pag. 2 l. 25. awe, r. policie. p. 3. l. 28. thrift, r. thirst. *Eclog.* 3. p. 2. l. 10. nor r. or. *Ecl.* 4. l. 8. vertues, r. vertue. *Epist.* 2. lin. 15. contaging, r. containing. p. 3. l. 13. of, r. if. p. 5. l. 1. mortall, r. morall. p. ead. l. 15. tongue, r. longes. p. 6. l. 1. cheere, r. cheer'd. *Sat.* 4. pag. 2. li. 20. leare, r. teare. p. 3. l. 23. reit, r. roit. p. 4. l. 13. is, r. was. *Sat.* 5. p. 2. l. 19. dread, r. dreades. *Epist.* 3. p. 2. l. 16. are, r. doe. p. 3. l. 6. harkt in mine, r. lay lip to. pag. 6. lin. 2. Gredoes, r. Predoes. ead. lin. 9. sure, r. since. *Epist.* 4. p. 1. l. 6. no, r. may. p. 2. l. 8. peace, r. pence ead. lin. 25. retaine, r. reclaime. *Epist.* 5. p. 4. lin. 5. *Piersas*, r. *Pierius*. *Epist.* 6. p. 1. l. 7. worth, r. North. p. 2. lin. 1. accurst, r. inceast. ead. pa. lin. 19. distraundged, r. distourning.

To Maſter E. Dig.

Satyre. 1.

Dgbie whence comes it that the world begins,
To winke at follies, and to ſooth vp ſinnes?
Can other reaſon be alleadgd then this,
The world ſooths ſinne, becauſe it ſinfull is?
The man that liues by bribes, and vſuric,
Winkes (like a foxe) at lothſome letcherie;
Craft giues ambition leaue to lay his plot,
And croſſe his friend, becauſe he ſoundes him not:
All men are willing with the world to haulte,
But no man takes delight to knowe his faulte.
He is a gallant fit to ſerue my Lord
Which clawes, and ſooths him vp, at euerie word;
That cries, when his lame poeſie he heares,
T'is rare (my Lord) t'will paſſe the niceſt eares:
This makes *Anphidius* welcome to good cheere;
And ſpend his Maſter fortie poundes a yeere,
And keepe his plaiſe-mouth'd wife in welts & guardes:

For flatterie can neuer want rewardes.
And therefore *Humfrey* holdes this Paradox;
T'is better be a foole then be a fox;
For folly is rewarded and respected,
Where subtiltie, is hated and reiected:
Selfe-will doth frowne, when honest zeale reproues,
To heare good counsell errour neuer loues.
Tell pursie *Rgllus*, (lusking in his bed)
That humors, by excessiue ease are bred,
That sloth corrupts, and choakes the vitall sprights,
And kils the memorie, and hurts the lights:
He will not sticke (after a cup of sacke)
To flout his counseller behind his backe.
For with a world of mischiefes, and offence
Vnbridled will, rebelles against the fence,
And thinketh it no little preiudice,
To be reprodu'd though by good aduice:
For wicked men repine their sinnes to heare,
And folly flings, if counsaile tuch him neare.
Tell *Sextus* wife (whose shoes are vnder-layd)
Her gate is girlish, and her foote is splayd;
Sheele raile with open mouth as *Martial* dooth:
But if you praise her (though you speake not sooth)
You shall be welcome both to bed, and bord;
And vse her selfe, her husband and his sword:

Tell

A fig for Momus.

Tell blear-eid *Linus* that his sight is cleere;
Heele pawne himselfe, to buy thee bread, and beere:
But tuch me *Quintus* with his stincking breath,
The dastard will defie thee to the death:
Thus, though mens great deformities be knowne,
They greeue to heare, and take them for their owne:
Find me a niggard that doth want the shift,
To call his cursed auarice good thrift?
A rakehell, (sworne to prodigalitie)
That dares not terme it liberalitie?
A letcher, that hath lost both flesh and fame,
That holds not letcherie a pleasant game?
And why? because they cloake their shame by this,
And will not see the horror what it is.
And cunning sinne being clad in Vertues shape
Flies much reproofe, and many scornes doth scape.
Last day I chanst (in crossing of the streete)
With *Diffilus* the Inkeeper to meete,
He wore a silken night-cap on his head,
And lookt as if he had beene lately dead:
I askt him how he far'd, not well (quoth he)
An ague this two months hath troubled me;
I let him passe: and laught to heare his skuce:
For I knew well, he had the poxe by *Luce*.
And wore his night-cappe ribbind at the eares,

Becauſe of late he ſwet away his heares:
But had a ſtranger, chanſt to ſpie him than
He might haue deemd him for a ciuill man.
Thus with the world, the world diſſembles ſtill,
And to their owne confuſions follow will;
Houlding it true felicitie to flie,
Not from the ſinne, but from the ſeeing eie.
Then in this world (who winks at each eſtate)
Hath found the meanes to make him fortunate:
To colour hate with kindnes, to defraud
In priuate, thoſe in publique we applaud:
To keepe this rule, kaw me and I kaw thee;
To play the Saints, whereas we diuels bee.
What ere men doe, let them not reprehend:
For cunning knaues, will cunning knaues defend.
Truth is purſew'd by hate, then is he wiſe
That to the world, his worldly wit applies:
What is he wiſe? I as *Amphestus* ſtrong,
That burnt his face, becauſe his beard was long.

Ad Momum.

Epiſtle. 1.

SIr, laugh no more at *Plinie*, and the reſt,
Who in their publique writings doe proteſt

That

That birds, and beaſtes, (by naturall reſpects
And motions) iudge of ſubſequent effects:
For I will proue, that creatures being dombe,
Haue ſome foreknowledge of euents to come.
How proue you that I heare ſome *Momus* crie?
Thus (gentle ſir) by good *Philoſophie*.
Firſt bruitiſh beaſtes, who are poſſeſt of nought
But fantaſie, to ordinate their thought.
And wanting reaſons lights, (which men alone
Pertake to helpe imagination)
It followeth that their fantaſies doe moue,
And imitate Impreſſions from aboue:
And therefore often by the motion
Of birds and beaſts, ſome certaine things are knowne:
Hereon the *Stragerite* (with iudgment deepe)
Diſcourſeth in his booke of watch and ſleepe,
That ſome imprudent, are moſt prouident,
He meaneth beaſtes, in reaſon indigent,
Where naitheles their intellectiue parts
(Nothing affected with care-killing harts,
But deſert as it were and void of all)
Seeme with their maners halfe conaturall.
For proofe, the bitter ſtinges of fleas, and flies,
The ſlime-bred frogges, their harſh reports and cries
Foreſignifie and proue a following raine:

How proue you that cries *Momus* once againe?
Why thus dull dunce: The moyst and stormie time
Fitting the frogges that dwell in wette and slime,
Makes them by naturall instinct to croke,
Because ensuing raines the spleene prouoke:
And so the fleas, and flies in their degree,
By their attracted moyst humiditie,
Drawne from a certaine vertue elatiue,
Whence raine his generation doth deriue:
Seeke more than their accustom'd nutriment.
So cocks in season inconuenient
That often crowe, and asses that doe rub
And chafe their hanging eares against a shrub;
A following raine doe truelie prophecie,
And this the reason in Philosophie:
The cocks whose drienes by the heate was fed,
By moysture feeles the same extinguished:
The asse with vapours caused by the raine,
The humors then abounding in his braine:
Ingendereth an itching in his head:
What neede I more, he that hath *Virgil* read,
(Were he as *Cato*, crooked and precise)
Would graunt that birds, and beasts were wether wise:
But if some misbeleeuing lad there bee

That

That scornes herein to iudge, and ioyne with mee:
This paine I doe inioyne him for his sinnes:
When porpose, beate the sea with eger sinnes,
And beastes, more greedily doe chaw their cud,
And cormorants, seeke shore, and flie the floud;
And birds doe bowse them in the pleasant springs,
And crowes doe ceaslesse crie, and beate their wings:
That cloakles, in a champion he were set
Till to the skinne he thorowlie be wet,

To reuerend Colin.

Eclogue. I.

Ergasto. Damian.

Ergasto.

SIng vs that carroll (*Damian*)
Amintas soung when he began,
To follow *Ringdes* minstralsie,
And made vs merrie melodie.

Damian.

Yong lad, my strings are broke and spent,
My harpe, records no merriment,
The moderne and newfangled laies,

From

From auncestric beare hence the praise;
Such strange *Terpanders* now professe,
To moue both mirth, and heauines,
By cunning motion of the fingers,
That olde men seeme but sorie singers.

Ergasto.

Let yong men boast what art they list,
Mine eares chiefe pleasure doth cõsist,
In hearing what concentfull laies
Our Fathers chaunted in their daies;
For often haue I found this true,
The sence is olde, the words be newe:
What ere the yonger boast and braue,
Their worth, & wit, from eld they haue:
Olde sence by vpstarts newlie suted
In words ill warpt, is not reputed
The deede of him that formd the stile,
But his that did the sence compile.

Damian.

Since thou canst argue so for age,
My voice with harpe some warre shall wage:
And I will sing thee such a lay
As erst I heard my *Ringde* play,
At *Galateas* wedding feast,
(Where sea to heare, his musicke ceast.)

Cantus.

A fig for Momus.

Cantus.

THere was a time (or writers haue missung)
VVherein our partiall mothers ballance hung
VVith equall poise: and fish, wild beastes, and birds,
Had vse of reason, and of needfull words:
VVherein foure-footed beasts of sauadge field,
(VVho sought the state of winged fowles to wield)
Conspir'd, (the better to defence their states)
To chuse the fish, to be their mutuall mates:
VVho vainly trusting to their fraile defence,
Consented quickly to the beastes pretence,
Supposing nature, equallie had lent
Like force in earth, as liquid element:
Hereon (ambition egging on the flocks
Of proud foure-footed beasts) the shoares, and rocks
VVere fild with fish; and heauen, with shoutes and cries,
And gastlie breathings, almost lost his eies:
VVhen all the foules, embatail'd in the aire
(Seeing their fortunes almost in despaire)
Besought the Gods, (who all iniustice hate)
To be assistant in this dire debate:
Ioue, by a thunderclap a signall gaue
Vpon their prayers, they should good fortune haue,
And speedily sent out the Southerne wind

To driue the waters from their bounds assind;
A murren on the beasts he thrilled downe:
Whilst thus the reuerend iudge doth threat and frowne,
The fowles they stoupe, and offering vrgent blowes,
Finde hartles beastes, and each where liueles foes:
The fish, on waueles shore dispersst, and left,
Of pride, and life, were all at once bereft:
The fowles prenaild, and fed them fat with pray,
And after victors like did flie away;
And beating off the aire with open wings
They tun'd this carroll to the woods and springs,
To beasts, to fish, (reseru'd from brunt of warre)
To all, that (with both factions mortall are)
Beware (ô what soeuer race you bee)
(Too much ambitious in felicitie)
To striue to raise your fortunes through oppression;
Or count your neighbours purchase your possession,
For Gods reuenge each impious attempt
Before the plague, or punishment be drempt:
Be sure the square whereby you build your states,
Must breake and faile, in dangers and debates;
For Nemesis hath euery houre reseru'd
A plague for pride, that hath from iustice sweru'd:
Oh you, whose calme, makes neighbours stormes seeme sore
Trie you your tides, before you trust your ore,

The ſurge may riſe on ſodaine ere you thinke,
And force you, (whilſt you ſwim, ſecure) to ſinke.
Who truſtes to choice of proud confederate,
And failes in choice of faithfull friends eſtate;
Let him diſclaime his armes, and claime foreſight;
Leſt he with beaſtes, mannage a beaſtlie fight.

Ergaſto.

In ſooth this is a wittie lay
More pleaſant then the verre lay,
The ſhepheard ſings vnto his ſheepe
As ſoone as day begins to peepe.

Damian.

Waigh not the words, but marke the worth,
Great flouds doe often iſſue forth
From humble waters, and deepe skill,
May flow from an impoliſht quill.
Who waites for words, may get him hence,
For ſhepheards onely ſing for ſence.

A fig for Momus.

To happie Menalcus.
Eglogue. 2.

Philides. Eglon.

Philides.

WHat wrong, or diſcontent, old *Eglon* hath with-held
Thine honorable age from gouerning the ſtate?
Why liu'ſt thou thus apart, whoſe wiſdome wont to ſhield
Our kingdome from the ſtormes of foes, and home-bred hate.

Eglon.

Ah *Philides*, the taſt of trouble I haue felt,
Mine actions miſconceau'd, my zeale eſteem'd impure,
My policie deceite, (where faithfullie I delt)
Theſe wrongs, (all vndeſeru'd) haue made me liue obſcure:
Beſides, my youthfull yeares were cancel'd by mine age,
(The verie Inne of grieſes, of ſickneſs, and of cares,)
Time bids me now prepare, with death ſome warre to wage
And thinke vpon mine end, and ſhun theſe worldlie ſnares:
And time it is (God wot) when age hath got the ſtart,
To flie from publique noyſe, and brawles of iudgement ſeate,
For now my wits waxe weake, and ſcarce yeeld vſe of art,
My limmes are ſtiffe and ſtarke, my pulſes faintly beate.
And this late-purchas'd age, (beſides all other paines)
Is ſubiect to contempts, accus'd of auarice,
And youth, with ſelfe conceit, hath ſo bewitcht his braines,
As he eſteemeth yeares, wits chiefeſt preiudice.

Philides.

Philides.

Can men ſo farre forget the reuerence and awe,
They ſhould in iuſtice, yeeld to ſiluer-ſuted haires?
Is duetie ſo deſpis'd, (enioyn'd by natures lawe)
That youth impugneth age, in mannaging affaires?
Then worſe then *Ethnicks* tarre, may Chriſtians be eſteem'd,
For both among the *Greeks* and *Romanes*, I haue red,
Such honors giuen to eld, that nothing happie ſeem'd
Wherein their counſell miſt, and wiſedome had not led:
In *Solons* happie lawes, in olde *Licurgus* ſchooles,
In *Numas* ſage decrees, and graue *Prometheus* books,
Amercements were ſet downe for ſuch miſgouern'd fooles,
As did maligne at eld, and loath their reuerent looks:
For where they firſt ordain'd, the Gods ſhould be ador'd,
Next, that the ſilly poore, ſhould want no due reliefe,
They laſtlie, did command the yonger to afford
All honour vnto age, and ſtill to hould them chiefe:
The Romane *Senate* wont, in giuing dignities
To take reſpect of yeares, of iudgement, and diſcretion,
The *Lacedemon* ſtate, in all their ſouerainties,
Did yeeld their publique charge, to aged mens poſſeſsion:
Taught by theſe flouring ſtates, by men ſo fortunate,
(As reading what they did, our mindes are ſtir'd to follow)
I wonder that our world, ſhould ſo degenerate,
From perfect awe, and carrie harts ſo hollow?

Eglon.

Ah *Philides*, forbeare to wonder at the time,
There muſt be ſome contempt, before a plague ſucceede:
I ſee great ſtormes at hand, and ſigh to ſee them clime,
Whoſe fall I might bewaile, before it come indeede.

But let all reaſons paſſe, of enuie, and diſgrace,
Sufficient to with-draw, a man from common weale,
Not theſe alone procure, me leaue mine honored place
But this, becauſe tis time with ſtate no more to deale:
The houre prefixt is come, the reuolution fixt,
Wherein I muſt, and will, giue ouer gouernement;
Taught by thoſe happie men, whoſe weale, with ſorrow mixt,
Did make them leaue the world, which danger doth preſent:
Oh when I ſadlie thinke of olde *Lucullus* wit,
Who hauing fortune thrall, and fame attending him,
Thought good to leaue the world, when he had conquer'd it,
And rather ceaſe in time, then ſincke, in hope to ſwim:
I cannot chuſe but ſmile, becauſe by like aduiſe
I flie from froward hate, (as olde *Metellus* did)
And leaue vngratefull men, (as erſt did *Scipio* wiſe)
Deeming it happines in priuate to be hid:
Had *Cicero* forethought, how ſweet this courſe had beene
When he had maſter'd fame, and conquer'd *Cateline*,
His *Tuſculanum* then, he had more often ſeene,
And left vngratfull *Rome*, before he did decline:
But hope of further fame, ſo fondlie him beſotted,
That wraſtling with lewd chance, at laſt he caught the fall,
And where he preſuppos'd, true fame was him allotted,
There loſt he his deſire, his fortunes, life, and all:
His leſſons make me wiſe; theſe warnings are mine armes;
Wherewith I conquer chance, and falſe *Rhamnuſias* traines,
And now deere *Philides*, my mind no trouble farmes,
And great content is bought, with little thrift of gaines.

Philides.

Thy reaſons haue their waight, and ſo haue wonne my hart,
As I will leaue the world, and come and liue with thee:

Eglon.

Eglon.

So doing thou art wiſe, who from the world doth part,
Begins to trauell on to true felicitie.

To Rowland.

Eclogue. 3.

VVagrin. Golde.

VVagrin.

VVHie ſings not *Golde* as he whilome did
In ſacred numbers, and diuiner vaine,
Such hymnes, as from bace-humor'd braines are hid?
For ſhame reuiue thy mated Muſe againe,
Let not ambitious ignorance forbid
Thy worthfull ſtile immortall praiſe to gaine,
Liue thou to after age, and let thy fame,
Eterniſe thy deſerts, and tell their ſhame.

Golde.

Why ſhould I make mine induſtrie a ſlaue,
To day, and night? why ſhould I dwell on thought
When as ſome ſcoffing ideot ſhall depraue
That which with trauaile learning forth hath brought:
Proud *Ariſtarchus* will the credit haue,
And beare that palme, the happier muſe hath bought,

And though in furnace of true art I trie
My labor 'd lines, yet ſcape not obloquie.

In ſuch a world where worth, hath no rewarde,
Where all the gods, want ſhrines, but greedie gaine,
Where ſcience ſleepes; and ignorance is hard,
Why ſhould I looſe my ſleepe, or breake my braine?
Can vertue ſpring that wanteth true regarde?
No *VVagrin* no: tis wiſdome to refraine
In ſuch an age, where learning hath no laude,
Nor needie *Homer* welcome, or applaude.

Sweete Muſes, my companions, and repoſe,
Tir'd with contempts in ſilence now record
Your pleaſures paſt; diſdaining to diſcloſe
Your worth to them, who wiſdome haue abhord:
Make me the Iudge, and writer of your woes:
Whil'ſt ſenceles walles, (where I your treaſures hord)
Doe heare ſuch griefe, as were they ought but ſtone,
Hewd in this age, they might conſume with mone.

VVagrin.

Fie *Golde*, blame not all men for a few,
The Muſes haue ſome friends, who will eſteeme
A man of worth, and giue deſert his dewe:
Did *Mirtilla* (as many wiſemen deeme)

Surceaſe

Surceaſe the wauering *Cynthia* to purſue,
His croſſe aſpects to arts, more ſweete would ſeeme:
There are ſome fewe, (alas that they were more)
That honour poeſie, and wit adore.

To theſe firme oakes (who boldlie can reſiſt
The tempeſt of lewd tongues,) thy ſelfe applie,
Like Iuie, round about their bodies twiſt,
And liue to them, whoſe fame ſhould neuer die:
Sweeten their eares, and glut them when they liſt
With ſuch nice numbers of ſweete poetrie:
That reading, they may thinke, that euerie line
Refines their wits, and makes them more diuine.

Golde.

On theſe ſtrong pillars (*Vvagrin*) haue I built,
And liu'd a while in ſunne-ſhine of their grace,
But time (ſweete friend) beleeue me if thou wilt,
Hath made them worldlie, couetous, and baſe,
Their niggard mindes, with golden words they gilt,
They are not as they ſeeme, in outward face,
To liue in hope of that they meane to giue,
Is to deceiue our ſelues, and not to liue.

Arts periſh, wanting honour, and applauſe,
And where imperious neede doth tyranniſe,

A fig for Momus.

The holie heate, through worldly cares doth pauſe,
The minde, (with-drawne to ſtudie for ſupplies)
Is ſoyld with earthlie thoughts, and downward drawes;
Hence come thoſe dull conceits amongſt the wiſe,
Which coy-eard readers cenſure to proceede,
From ignorance, whereas they grow by neede.

Oh were the world ſo forward to affect
The high conceits of artiſts as of yore,
When leaſt deſerts, were held in high reſpect;
Did wiſe *Mæcenas* flouriſh ſtill t'adore
The heauenly lines his *Virgil* did erect,
Or he whom *Rome* admir'd for wiſdomes ſtore;
Want, ſhould not wring good wits, and this our age
For ſcience, ſhould with theirs, the battaile wage.

But now, theſe frugall patrons, who begin
To skantle learning with a ſeruile pay,
Make Poets count their negligence, no ſinne:
The colde conceit of recompence doth lay
Their fierie furie when they ſhould begin,
The prieſt vnpaid, can neither ſing, nor ſay:
Nor Poets ſweetlie write, except they meete
With ſound rewards, for ſermoning ſo ſweete.

Which

Which ſound rewards, ſince this neglectful time
Repines to yeeld to men of high deſart,
Ile ceaſe to reuel out my wits in rime,
For ſuch who make ſo baſe account of art:
And ſince by wit there is no meanes to clime,
Ile hould the plough a while, and plie the cart,
And if my muſe to wonted courſe returne,
Ile write, and iudge, peruſe, commend and burne.

VVagrin.

A better mind God ſend thee, or more meanes,
Oh woudſt thou but conuerſe with *Charles* the kind,
Or follow harueſt, where thy *Donroy* gleanes,
Theſe thoughts would ceaſe: with thē thy muſe ſhould
A ſweet conuerſe: then this conceit which weanes (find
Thy pen from writing, ſhould be ſoone reſignd.

Golde.

I reſt reſolu'd, if bountie will, I wright,
If not, why then my muſe ſhall flie the light.

A fig for Momus.

To Maſter Samuel Daniel.

Eclogue. 4.

Deliuorus. Felicius.

Deliuorus.

Felicius, nouriſh not theſe ſullen vaines,
Liue not, as if thou lothedſt to impart
Vnto the world thy wiſdome and thine art:
Vertues obſcur'd, yeelds ſmall, and ſory gaines
But actiuely imployd, true worth retaines:

Now clattering armes ſound terror in our coaſt,
Like aged *Neſtor* guirt thee in thy ſteele,
Win fame by valour, let impugners feele,
That though ſweete *Mercurie* delights thee moſt,
Thy courage, with thy yeares, thou haſt not loſt:

Felicius.

Eld is ordain'd to counſell, youth to fight;
Age to fore-ſee, young courage to enact,
High courage with true wiſdome euer backt,
Winnes perfect fame: youth doth deſerue by might,
But old age, by good counſell, and foreſight.

Deliuorus.

Deliuorus, when as thou doſt beholde
Felicius ſitte apart, be thou aſſur'd
His mind ſtill works: and what thou haſt endur'd
In bloudie brunts, the ſame though being olde
He doth endure, and more a hundreth folde.

I trauaile in my ſoule, when thou doeſt ſleepe
I for my countrie combate by fore-caſt,
And how by day, the danger ſhall be paſt
By night I ſtudie: Thus by care I keepe,
What hed-ſtrong youth might looſe, & looſing weepe.

I liue not then obſcurely, as I ſeeme,
But as the maſter of the ſhip performes
Far more then cõmon yonkers in great ſtormes,
So guiding of our ſtates well may I deeme,
I doe, and merite more, then moſt eſteeme:

Deliuorus.

As if a life deuoted vnto eaſe,
And mannaging affaires by policie,
Might be compar'd for worth, & dignitie
With honorable armes, by land and ſeas?

Felicius.

Why not (ſweet friend) yeeld reaſon if you pleaſe?

Deliuorus.

Whom euer did the riſing ſunne behold
More royalliz'd, and dignified then him,
Whoſe glorie,(though fell fortune ſought to dim)
His courage rais'd, his conqueſts manifold,
Commaunding all, himſelfe ſtill vncontrol'd?

By armes,Realmes,Empires,monarchies are wonne,
To armes,lawes,iuſtice,magiſtrates ſubmit,
Arts,ſciences, before their triumphes ſit,
And beg their grace,and ſing what they haue done,
Amas'd to ſee the race, which they haue runne.

Felicius.

Deliuorus,warre,honour doth deſerue,
Yet counſell in all kingdomes policied
Is farre more worthie, and more dignified:
For armes,but in extreames doe neuer ſerue
To reconcile, and puniſh ſuch as ſwerue.

Firſt haue an eie to *Grecian* gouernements,
And euen in them, the truth will be explain'd:
In *Athens*,where *Themiſtocles* remain'd,
Though much he conquer'd by his regiments,
Yet *Solon*, was more prais'd for his intents:

Themiſto-

Themistocles, by armes; he by good lawes:
One, conquered foes, the other planted frends;
One got the wealth, the which the other ſpends,
Both fame: though not like meaſure, nor like cauſe:
For counſell to it ſelfe more honour drawes.

Pauſanias, and *Lyſander* by their ſwords,
And warlike vertues, made *Labcena* ritch,
Fame followed them where they their tents did pitch,
But graue *Licurgus*, by his lawes and words,
Did merite more, then theſe renowmed Lords.

Though theſe attempted, he prefixt the way,
Though they commanded, and arraung'd the bands,
Licurgus put the fortune in their hands:
Though *Marius* could begin, and make the fray,
Yet *Scaurus* policie deſerues the bay:

Let *Catulus*, with *Pompey* be compar'd,
Or wittie *Cicero*, with *Cateline*:
And to preuent with policie diuine
That which the other ouer raſhlie dar'd,
Deſerues ſuch fame as may not be impar'd.

Say militarie vertue doth require
A valiant hart, great ſtrength, and conſtancie:
The ſelfe-like guiftes in ciuill policie
Are requiſite for ſuch as doe aſpire,
To gaine renowne by counſell for their hire:

In briefe, for what is warre ordain'd but peace?
And perfect peace is end of bloudie warre:
And ſith the ends, fore-meanes, is priſed farre;
Let warre, his boaſt of dignitie ſurceaſe
And yeeld to wiſdome, which doth peace encreaſe.

Peace, doth depend on Reaſon, warre on force,
The one is humane, honeſt, and vpright,
The other brutiſh, foſtered by deſpight:
The one extreame, concluded with remorſe,
The other all iniuſtice doth deuorce.

Deliuorus.

Felicius thy reaſons are approu'd
(If meaſured by the ſquare of ſtatemens skil,
Who on their bookes hang their opinions ſtill)
But I, who from my youth the warres haue lou'd,
From mine opinion may not be remou'd.

For by that methode which my ſelfe haue tried
I find ſuch word-bold warriors as you be
As fit for warre, as apes for minſtralſie:
For what can you preſcribe, or els prouide,
To order thoſe, whom you could neuer guide?

Thinke you *Vigetius* ſerues to make you fit
To giue directions to a generall?
No book-men no, time now hath changed all,
Both men, and meanes: war craues a greater wit
And courage, then when *Rome* directed it:

Should we exſpect, (as erſt the Romaines did)
Inſtructions to diſlodge, encampe, aſſaile,
Before we did endeuour to preuaile,
The meanes to conquer would be loſt, and hid:
Baſely fights he who warres as others bid.

All things are chang'd, the meanes, the men and armes,
Our ſtratagems now differ from the old,
Expert in booke, was neuer trulie bold,
Demoſthenes, whoſe tongue the ſouldier charmes,
Fled coward-like away in hot alarmes.

This ſaid, he ceaſt, and would no more proceed,
Felicius left him ſetled in his thought,
I, hearing both the reaſons they had brought,
Reſolu'd that both deſerue true fame indeed,
And pray that wit may thriue, & war may ſpeed.

To F. M.
Satyre. 3.

IT is as common as vnkind a fault
In youth, (too ſubiect to this worlds aſſault)
To imitate, admit, and daylie chuſe,
Thoſe errors, which their lawles parents vſe.
For what by vaine example youth conceaues,
The ſame for lawfull, daily he receaues,
If damned dice the father doth affect,
The ſelfe-like follie doth his heire infect,
If luſt; to luſt the ſonne is too procliue,
If fraud, by fraud his wanton race will thriue:
If ſurfet, ſurfet is eſteemd no ſinne,
For youth perſeuers, as he doth beginne.
And where to natures, (forward to retaine)
Lewd obiects are annext and cuſtomes vaine,
The wounds grow deſperate, & death doth end,

Before

Before good counſell can the fault amend;
Lucillas daughter, ſhe that keepes the ſwan,
That ſaw her mother dallie with her man;
Steale priuy ſports, for ſweet meates hazard fame,
Scarce twelue yeares old begins to do the ſame:
For nature, ioynd with cuſtome, neuer failes
But by her ſelfe, and in her helpes preuailes:
And why? becauſe what children apprehend
The ſame they like, they follow and commend:
And where the mind is willing and addict,
Th'examples are more forcible and ſtrict:
And though ſome natures, by eſpeciall grace
Correct themſelues, and giue not follie place,
Yet leane the moſt part, to example ſo,
That what they like, they hardly can forgoe:
Then (gentle friend) frō damned deeds abſtaine,
From lawleſs ryots, and from pleaſures vaine,
If not regarding of thine owne degree,
" Yet in behalfe of thy poſteritie:
" For we are docible to imitate,
Depraued pleaſures tho degenerate.
Be carefull therefore leſt thy ſonne admit
By eare, or eie, things filthie or vnfit,
Exclude the bawd, the paraſite, the whore,
The dicer, drunkard, ſwearer from thy dore,

For ſuch contemptible conſorts as theſe,
Leaue ranckeſt poyſō where they ſweetly pleaſe.
And as thy child reſembleth thee in face,
In foote, in feature, and in outward grace,
So ſtudie thou (thine actions being good)
He may wax like in maners, as in blood:
If thou eſpie within thy curious knot,
Some tangling twitch, that doth thy flowers rot,
Or in the picture hanging in thy hall,
That repreſents *Cæſar* maieſticall,
Thou ſee ſome ſpots that ſpoyle and doe diſgrace
The matchles modle of thy monarcks face,
Wilt thou not quickly roote away the one,
And wipe the other from the piece anone?
So in thy ſonne demeane thy ſelfe likewiſe,
If thou perceiue a ſinne, that doth diſguiſe
And choake the beauties of his toward mind,
If in this image of thy ſelfe thou find,
Corruption, choaking vertue, error grace,
And will, vſurping reaſons rightfull place:
Diſſwade by fatherly admonishment,
Schoole, and correct, aduertiſe, and preuent:
Make him by gouernment, and perfect zeale,
A happie member of his common weale,
And not by negligence, and libertie,

A ſcouge vnto thy priuate familie:
The eaned lambe doth looſe that colour ſeld,
The which at firſt, thingendring ewe beheld:
The ſtained cloth, retaines his grayned die,
The luory his firſt Imagerie,
The bird but ſcarcely broken from his ſhell,
Feeds on that food which firſt he liked well;
The tunne retaineth long, the taſt and ſent
Of that pure licour which at firſt it hent:
And what impreſſions we in youth retaine
In age, our reaſon hardly will refraine:
The idle *More*, the *Turke*, the *Sauage*,
The *Chinois*, and the wealthie *Abaſſine*
Obſerue that cuſtome, and idolatrie
Which was ingrafted in their infancie;
Then in the preſence of thy toward heire
Beware to friſſle, currle, and kembe thy haire,
To ſpend three houres, in gazing in a glaſſe,
Before thy wife and daughter goe to maſſe:
Take heed thy gagtooth'd hoſtes in his ſight
Tell not how oft ſhe tyres thee euery night,
Beware thy ſonne doe neuer heare thee bragge,
That thou haſt paid twelue angels for a nagge,
And pawn'd it to the rich and broking bawd,
For whores, and capons, little to thy lawd:

A fig for Momus.

Take heede the toward lad doe neuer heare,
That thou haſt ſpent a thouſand pound a yeare,
Take heed thou neuer ſweare whilſt he is by
That thou by othes darſt proue an open lye,
Leſt ſeeing thee make light of lothſome ſinne,
To practiſe like miſdeeds he doe beginne;
And thou at laſt to thy exceſſiue griefe,
Behold thy ſelfe a begger, him a theefe:
For by a fatall law it comes to paſſe
That lewdnes is defam'd and euer was.
And life corrupt by vnexpected ſhame
And timeles death is buried with defame:
Enough, if grace be gone, then words be vaine:
Ile tell thee more if ſo I write againe.

To

To Maſter W. Bolton.

Epiſtle. 2.

BOlton, amidſt thy many other theames
Thou doſt deſire me to diſcourſe of dreames:
Of which, what I could gather, reade, or find,
I here ſet downe to ſatisfie thy mind:
Dreames then (in ſleep our ſpirits true retreate)
Do chalenge their predominance, and ſeate:
And in their natures, are but fantaſies
Made by the motion of Imageries,
According to the ſleepers habitude
Of euery ſenſible ſimilitude.
So then, all dreames from diuers cauſes grow,
And from th'interior, or th'exterior flow:
Thinterior likewiſe hath a double right,
The one is mentall, clayming by the ſpright,
Where through in ſleep (the fantaſie and thought
Encountring) ſtrange and rare effects are wrought;
Reſembling thoſe, which our affections kept,
And thoughts did trauel on before we ſlept:
The other cauſe takes his fruition,
And being from the bodies diſpoſition:
For by th'interior habitude and ſtate

The bodie houlds, (corrupt, or ordinate)
Some motion in the fancie is maintain'd,
According to the diſpoſition gain'd:
For where as chilly humors doe abound,
Men ſeeme in ſnow, or water, to be drown'd:
This makes the ſage Phiſitian to conioct
By dreames, what griefes the inward parts infect;
Th'exterior cauſe likewiſe, we double cally,
The firſt diuine, pure, and ſpirituall,
Whereby things hidden, ſacred, and concealed,
By God, or by his Angels, are reueal'd.
The next is meerely corporall; whereby
Not onely mind and working fantaſie
Is chang'd, (according as the ſleepers thought
Or fancie, by contaging aire is wrought)
But by th'impreſſion of celeſtiall raies,
Which doe conforme affection to their waies.
For ſo the ſtaid ſtar-gazers doe areede,
That from celeſtiall bodies doe proceede,
The cauſe, & workings of our dreames in ſleepe:
And in this point a mightie noyle they keepe.
Note me the houre (ſay thou) and bring it me,
I will expreſſe th'effect, and dreame to thee:
For as when choller ſwarmes in breaſt or hed,
Men dreame of things inflam'd, and fierie red;

And

And whereas fleugme preuailes, aboundes and ſpringes,
We dreame of watrie, colde, and froſtie things:
So heauen may by his influence beſtowe
The knowledge of th'effects which he doth owe,
And what in ſtrength, and vertue it containes,
Infuſe in man, in whom his worke remaines:
But by their leaues; tis not materiall
The heauens can doe onely but caſuall:
But now me thinks *Apollo* puls mine eare
And claimes mine induſtrie an other wheare:
Speaking in thee, (becauſe in thee he raignes)
And bids me buſilie imploy my braines,
And proue of ſpirits either good or bad,
In formes, and certaine apparitions clad,
Can further force, or els infuſe by right,
Vnfained dreames, to thoſe that ſleepe by night.
To which mine anſwer is affirmatiue,
Becauſe the fathers make it poſitiue:
For dreames both true, & certaine, now & then,
By bleſſed ſprites, are powr'd in liuing men
Either as pertinent to their reliefe,
Or to repreſſe their frends impendent griefe,
Such was the dreame *Albertus Magnus* had,
Who whilſt the world in nights-dark-cloake was clad,
Suppos'd he ſawe, (neere to a water-mill

By which a brook, did flow with murmure ſhril)
A pretie lad, hard by the riuer ſide,
That from the bancke fell headlong in the tide,
Whilſt wraſtling there he lay, and he in dreame
In pittie ſeemd to ſaue him from the ſtreame;
The morne aroſe, he walkt, and ſcarce araid
Beheld a wofull mother quite diſmaid;
That piteouſly perplext, and tird with teene,
Complain'd no leſſe thē he in dreame had ſeene.
The ſelfe-like hap to *Nicons* ſonne befell,
Who knowing neither purge, nor hidden ſpell,
To cure his patient trauel'd with the ſpleene,
Fell faſt aſleepe within a medow greene:
Wherein he thought, ſome ſpright, or genius good,
Enioyn'd him preſently to let him blood
Betwixt the wedding finger and the ſmall,
Which wakned he performd, and therewithall
The ſicke man got his health, he wonne the fame,
And thus by dreame his doubt he ouercame:
If then the heauenly bountie by good ſprights,
Direct mens actions to their beſt delights;
To bodily contents, to perfect health,
To ſafetie, to ſaue urine, and wealth:
Farre and more working is his heau'nly power,
In ſending holy ſpirits euery howre;

Who in our mortall, and ſpirituall weale,
Are preſt ſyncere inſtinctions to reueale:
So in a dreame King *Salomon* the ſage;
(Both wealths, & wiſdomes, wonder in his age)
Had ſpeciall counſaile how to beare a hand
In gouerning his people, and his land:
So euen the moſt corrupt and vnretir'd,
Haue to good ends, beene faithfully inſpir'd:
So *Pharao*, and *Nabuchadonſor*;
The caitife *Caiphas*, and many more,
To their confuſion haue fore-knowne their fall,
And miſeries God threatned them withall:
From euill meſſengers the ſonnes of pride,
To euill men, true things are tould beſide,
Not for the diuels tongue they ſhuld beleeue,
But that in right he labours to deceiue;
Not for deſire to manifeſt miſdeede,
But to himſelfe more faith, and truſt to breede:
So *Socrates*, the night before he ſawe
Diuiner *Plato*, skild in natures lawe,
After digeſtions howers were ouerpaſt,
And vapours in the braine digeſted faſt,
Bethought him in his dreame that he beheld
A milk-white ſwan, whoſe pleaſant note exceld,
That from the earth to heauen did ſinging flie;

And

And cheere all other birds with melodie:
Which when he wak'd, he knew fore-tould the truth
Of *Platos* worth; for ſeeing of the youth:
Here is (quoth he) that ſwan that ſung ſo ſweete,
Whoſe eloquence, all *Greece* ſhal grace & greete:
Thus much for dreames, though more remaines to ſay:
My Muſe commaunds me now make holiday:
And end abruptly, vowing faithfully,
To proſecute this ſubiect ſeriouſly.

To a deere friend lately giuen *ouer to couetouſneſſe.*

Satyre. 4.

I Heare of late (but hould it verie ſtrange)
(That ſuch vaine newes is common in the change)
How being old, and drawing to the graue,
Thou waxeſt greedie, and deſir'ſt to ſaue:
As if thy life of ſorrowes had no ſtore,
But thou in policie ſhouldſt purchaſe more?
Alas for thee, that at thy iournies end
Art growne ſo neere and carefull what to ſpend.
Looke on thy ſelfe, age hath thee by the backe,
Thy haires are white, which erſt were friſſeld blacke:

A fig for Momus.

Thine eies are ſuncke, thy cheeks are leane and pale,
Thy lips are blew, thy breath is ſtincking ſtale,
Thy grinders gone, thy ghaſtlie gout, and murre;
Do breake thy ſleepes, and ſcarcely let thee ſturre:
Thy memorie is dul, and wel nie dead,
Thy tongue alreadie faulters in thy head:
Where al theſe torments make thee loth thy ſelf,
Why art thou now enamored with thy pelfe?
Think'ſt thou the purchaſe of a niggards name
Is not a preiudice vnto thy fame?
Marke me a miſerable myſing wretch,
That liues by others loſſe, and ſubtle fetch,
He is not onely plagu'd with heauines,
For that which other happie men poſſeſſe,
But takes no taſt of that himſelfe partakes,
And ſooner life, then miſerie forſakes:
And what in moſt aboundance, he retaines
In ſeeming little, doth augment his paines:
His trauailes, are ſuſpitions backt by feare,
His thoughts diſtraught inceſſant troubles leare,
He doubts the raine, for feare it raiſe a floud
And beare away his houſes, and his good,
He dreads his neighbours cattle as they paſſe,
For feare they ſtay and feed vpon his graſſe,
He hides his treaſures vnder locke and kay,

Leſt theeues breake in, and beare his bags away:
Onely vnto himſelfe, for whom he ſpares,
He gathers nothing but continuall cares:
His eie diſdaines his hungrie bellie meate,
Himſelfe repines, at that himſelfe doth eate,
Though rents increaſe, he lets his body lacke,
And neither ſpares his bellie nor his backe:
What on himſelfe he laies, he houlds it loſt,
What on his wife, he deemes vnthriftie coſt,
What on his heires, his miſerie and miſſe;
What on his ſeruants, ryotting it is.
Thus from himſelfe, his couetous deſire
Doth draw himſelfe, and on his hart doth tire:
So liues he to the wretched world alone,
Lothſome to all that long to ſee him gone:
If ſuch he be, (as ſuch he is indeede)
And far more worſe, (if wealth more worſe may breed)
For ſhame from ſuch a ſinne thy life exempt,
That makes thee rich in nothing but contempt,
They ſay the many packs before thy doore,
Are but the pawnes, and wages of the poore,
They ſay the buildings which thou doſt begin,
Are rich without, but yeeld no reſt within;
They ſay thy deereſt friends are ſure to pay
Great forfeitures, and if they miſſe their day:

They

They ſay the intereſt of tenne a yeere
Is held too little to maintaine thy cheere,
And yet thy ſelfe, thy wife, thy maid, thy knaue,
Scarce butter'd turneps vpon ſundaies haue,
They ſay at New-yeares-tide men giue thee cakes,
And thou the next day ſels them for their ſakes,
They ſay thou fel'ſt the chipping of thy bred
For feare thy ſeruants ſhould be ouer fed,
They ſay one horſe may beare thy houſhould ſtuffe,
Where for thy coyne three carts are not enough;
They ſay thy welted gowne, and ruffes of lawne,
When thou wert warden laſt was but a pawne:
They ſay thy plate is forfeited and loſt
For halfe the money that at firſt it coſt,
They ſay thy wiues caſt kertle is become
A paire of breeches to enskonce thy bum.
Briefly, they ſay that for the world thou art
Too wretched, and for God too falſe in hart.
All theſe reports thou knoweſt as well as I
Spring frõ ſome grounds, things ſould by common cry
Are quickly ſould, men hardly ſtop the noice
Of ſlanders publiſhed by common voice:
If theſe be true, reforme them; if vntrue,
Take them for warnings what thou ſhouldſt eſchue.
What ere they be, now thinke vpon thy graue,

And

And leaue thy worldly drudging to thy knaue,
And let him carrie fier vnto thy ſtils,
And tend thy brewhouſe.watch,& ward thy mils,
Looke to thine apples, leſt they rotte away,
Set vp thy hop-powles,and thy champions lay.
And thou thy ſelfe ſafe wrapt in cloth and furre,
Fall to thy prayers, deſire no more to ſturre,
Giue to the poore,what thou haſt got by wrõg,
For be aſſur'd thy daies cannot be long :
Follow this frendly counſell which I giue,
Or els in ſhame,and hatred thou ſhalt liue,
Or dead, thoſe paſſengers that ſpie thy graue,
Shall ſay here lies a broking bribing knaue.

Satyre. 5.

IN euery land from *Gades* to *Ganges* flood
Too few they be that thinke vpon their good:
Too few that by diſcretion can diſcerne
What profite rightly doth themſelues concerne.
Behould ambitions true begotten ſonne,
Spent in deſire before his hope be wonne,
Striuing for kingdomes which are ſooner loſt,
Then kept,deſir'd,then had, with mightie coſt.
Ending like him that ſenceles in his harmes

Doth

Doth ſtriue to ſtem a ſea with two weake armes,
Behould a mind preſſing beyond his might,
Catching at ſtars cenſur'd by ouerſight.
Like him tha eger ſcales a mountaine ſteepe,
And headlong fals into the valley deepe:
There liues no man ſo ſetled in content
That hath not daily whereof to repent,
Nor can reformed wit ſo iuſtly deeme,
But that it leaues true goods, for ſuch as ſeeme;
Briefly, the greateſt gifts whereof we boaſt
Are thoſe which doe attempt and tire vs moſt.
Peace brings in pleaſure, pleaſure breeds exceſſe,
Exceſſe procureth want, want works diſtreſſe:
Diſtreſſe contempt, contempt is not repair'd
Till timeles death determine, hope diſpair'd.
Warre egges the victor to deſire debate,
The conquer'd to ſubmit and ſerue with hate;
Leaues nothing ſure though he preſume to chooſe,
But what he keeps with hate and dread to looſe:
How oft hath watching policie deuis'd
A cunning clauſe which hath himſelfe ſurpris'd?
How often hath lewd fraud been ſet afloate?
Of purpoſe that his goods might cut his throate?
Who builds on ſtrength by policie is ſtript:
Who truſts his wit, by wit is ſooneſt tript.

Example be thou *Hepar*, who profeſt
A home-borne infant of our Engliſh weſt
Haſt in that ſhamefull *ſchene* of treaſons play
Betray'd thy ſelfe to death, who would'ſt betray:
Volcatius that ſubborn'd, deuis'd, and wrought
To worke out *Themis*, from the place he ſought:
Was laught in court, and though he were not ſeene,
Yet wept his follies to a woodden skreene,
Was neuer ſince this wretched world began
To entertaine, receiue, and nouriſh man.
A iudgment by it ſelfe that neuer err'd
Or wit vnwrong'd by that he moſt prefer'd
Trauel the world, & trauerſe euery clime,
And win one houre in euery yeare of time:
Compaſſe what ere the ſea receiueth round,
And ſeeke to South-ward men of vnder-ground:
What haſt thou got if following *Candies* fate,
That keepſt no certaine compaſſe in thy ſtate:
O nought of ours, our wealth, our wit, enioy'd,
If not as ours, for vs, it be employ'd,
Thy fame declining, *Tellus*, not thy farme,
Thy zeale preſumptuous, *Ducus* not thine arme:
Thy bountie *Varis*, not thy many bribes,
Thy ſilence *Shanus*, not thy many Iibes.
Theſe are thoſe goods whereto you ought to cleaue:

The reſt are good in ſemblance and deceaue.
What then in right for good may we elect?
Such things as chalenge not by lewd reſpect?
Seeke not in age with *Craſſus* ſuch a place
As both thy life and fortune may deface:
Nor fill the ſea with ſailes, the earth with men
In ſhamefull ſort, to be repulſt agen.
Nor leaue the northren lands, and fruitfull *Gaul*,
In royall *Rome*, thine empire to enſtall:
For ſeldome can preſumption be enthrown'd
To liue eſteem'd, or die to be bemown'd.
An humble cote entapiſſed with moſſe,
A lowlie life that feares no ſodaine loſſe:
A mind that dreads no fal, not craues no crowne,
But makes his true content, his beſt renowne.
Theſe are the choice contẽts, the goods, the gaine
Which rightly can be ours: the reſt are vaine.
If thou then ſee a troupe of garded knaues
Waite at *Argaſtos* heels like ſeruile ſlaues:
Be not aghaſt, admire not at his ſtate,
For now the world is bent to ſerue and hate:
Tis true: that ſlaue whom *Pompey* did promoate,
Was he that firſt aſſay'd to cut his throate.

A fig for Momus.

To his Miſtres A. L.

Epiſtle. 6.

IN that ſame month wherein the ſpring begins,
And on that day when *Phœbe* left the twinnes
(Which was on Saturday, the twelft of *March*)
Your ſeruant brought a letter ſeal'd with ſtarch,
Which by my ſoule (ſweet miſtres) when I op'te
And read your motion farre from that I hop'te,
Beleeue me (had not troubles tir'd me quite)
Might be enough, to make me laugh outright:
You pray me to aduiſe, and tell you what
Will take away your purſines and fat,
You pray me without any let, or pauſe,
To write of both the remedie, and cauſe,
And in a ſhort diſcourſe to let you know
The *Antidote* of that miſlikes you ſo.
Well, ſince your beautie may, & muſt command
Thus briefly will I anſwer your demand:
Fatnes (connaturall to ſicke, and hole,
Which neereſt vnder-dwell the Northren pole)
In thoſe by nature who enioy the ſame
Is paſſible, not preiudiz'd by blame:
That other growne by ſurfet, and exceſſe,

That

That choaks the vitall powers with heauineſſe,
Is that (faire miſtres) which you ought to flie
And that which *Phiſiques* art may remedie:
Fatnes by nature (not immoderate)
Kils not the wit, quels not the minds eſtate:
But fatnes, by intemperance increaſt,
(When liuing man reſembleth lothſome beaſt,
And belly cheere with greedie gluttonie
Is held the fulnes of felicitie:
This maketh men addicted to the ſame,
Dull in conceit, groſſe minded, worthie blame,
Of ſuch doe *Baſile, Galen, Plato,* write,
That fatteſt bellie hath the weakeſt ſprite:
For reaſon, (onely made for mans behoofe)
Affords hereof this true, and certaine proofe:
Therefore are lawles belly-gods by kind
Defect in vnderſtanding, and in mind,
Becauſe groſſe blood by their diſordred feede,
And ſwift concoction, plenteouſlie doth breede:
And by this bloud, groſſe ſpirits from their harts
Aſcend, and ſeaze vpon their vpperparts,
And from theſe ſpirits, ſpirits of the braine
A dead and lothſome dulnes doe retaine,
Through which it comes, that they wax ſtarke, & ſlow,
Becauſe their ſpirits animall be ſo.

That fatnes then engendred, and engroſt,
By ryot, ſurfet, belly cheere and coſt,
Is hatefull: and that fatnes nature breeds
From good complexion, orderly proceeds:
Which prais'd, becauſe approu'd, me thinks I heare
A ſaint, ſweet like your ſelfe, harkt in mine eare,
And with a maiden bluſh intreat me tell
Why fatnes moſt doth in the bellie dwell.
Whereas the head (the maſter part of all)
Is fleſhles, ſlender, prettie, round, and ſmall?
To this, this anſwer miſtres doe I make:
The bellie therefore fatnes doth pertake,
Becauſe it keepes the matter of our meate,
And ſtill containes our fatnes-breeding heate,
But for the head, it therefore is not charg'd,
With fat, or fleſh, or by ſuch like enlarg'd,
Becauſe the heauenly workman did prouide,
That ſuch a part, which is the bodies guide,
And is the ſeate, where ſouerain like remaines
That reaſonable power the ſoule containes,
Should not by fleſh, be ſoyld, or ouerſet,
For feare the works of reaſon ſhould be let;
This probleme plainly opened to the eie,
It followeth thus of fatnes orderlie,
It vitiats beautie, makes a barraine wombe,

Becauſe the bloud which *Sperma* ſhould become
Is wholely turnd to fat, it haſtneth age,
And houlds our appetites in vaſſellage:
It hinders bloud, and ſhortneth breathing to,
And maketh all things tedious that we do:
It cauſeth ſownings, paſſions of the hart,
It makes the pulſes in their places ſtart.
Briefly, (if *Auicen* ſpeake not amiſſe)
Groſſenes the bodies lothſome fetter is,
The ſelfe opinion olde *Pythagoras*
Maintaind: who ſeeing once a fat man paſſe,
Said thus to them that did attend him then,
A lothſome priſon doth yond ſpirite pen:
This *Plato* knowing well, and waxing groſe,
Choſe out a ſhadie wood, and fruitfull cloſe;
Where walking, he his ſchollers taught & train'd,
Which all his followers afterward maintain'd:
A world it were to reckon vp, and wright,
How all thoſe olde Philoſophers do fight,
Contend, debate, decide, diſpute, intreate,
Whether this fatnes come from cold or heate:
But to be ſhort, the *Synode* and the ſect
Of thoſe who rightly natures works reſpect:
Conclude that by a double ſort of heate;
Our fat is made, and moult, and ſo concreate.

Exceſ-

Exceſſiue heate diſſolues, the meane makes hard;
Heate in exceſſe, as deeper read, award.
Is that ſame heate, which doth ingender fat,
Heate moderate, is rightlie counted that
Which *Galen* tearmeth cold: By this decree
Two mightie factions thus accorded bee:
Well ſince theſe proofes the cauſes doe aſſure
Let vs debate a little on the cure:
Much ſitting, and long abſtinence from care,
Drinking of oylie wines, our fat prepare,
Egs, whitemeat, pottage, do increaſe the ſame,
And bring the waxing bodie out of frame:
Let therefore fat men growne by gluttonie,
(For to the reſt no medcine I applie:)
Open a vaine; or if that ſeeme too ſore,
Vſe cuppings, and oft rubbings euermore,
Liue in that aire, which is both hot, and drie,
Watch much, and ſleeping little, hardly lie:
Walke much, and toſſe, and tumble in the ſunne;
Delight to ride, to hauke, to hunt, to runne,
Drinke little, gargarize, flie groſſer food,
Or if ſome deeme a hare, or partridge good
Feede modeſtly thereon, and if he hath
Some crownes to ſpend, goe often to the bath:
Not *Eſculapius*, were he now aliue

Could

A fig for Momus.

Could better helps, or remedies contriue,
Except behoulding mightie *Grædoes* port,
He cut off both his legs to make him ſhort:
Whether am I tranſported in diſcourſe,
My Muſe me thinks hath run too long a courſe.
The queſtion is reſolu'd, why faile I then
To ſeale this letter vp, and leaue my pen?
Faith, nought but this in kindnes to deſire
(My *Genius* of good wit) ſure I require,
To count her fatnes no deformitie,
But as it is the guiſe in *Italie*,
To nouriſh that: for fat, ſlicke, faire, and full,
Is better lik't, then leane, lancke, ſpare, and dull.

To his deere friend H. L.
Epiſtle. 4.

THat verie day wherein the ſunne began
To viſite *Aries*, by the *Scot* thy man
I did receiue thy letters: and with theaſe
Thy guifts which in this world no better pleaſe,
Thy letters, I with letters doe reward;
But for the reſt, (becauſe the world goes hard)
Thinke not amiſſe, if for thy preſents kind
My preſents, be the riches of my mind;

For they oft read, will yeeld thee much content,
Whereas thy guifts will ſerue me but this lent.
But *Tom* ſaiſt thou what preſents ſhall I haue?
Faith *Harry* counſell, how to ſpend, and ſaue,
Which counſell if thou keepe, and follow to;
None better then thy ſelfe ſhall liue, or do:
Firſt for inſtructions how thou ſhalt diſpend:
Spend praiers on God, and peace vpon thy frend,
Which doing, God will bleſſe thy crop, & plant,
And friend will helpe, if ſo thou hap to want:
Spend ſtill on that may yeeld thee good, & gaine;
Spend on thy houſe, to tyle it from the raine:
Spend on thy horſe, in trauell euery night,
For ſuch expence, will make him freſh, and light,
Spend on thy teame, their labour gets thee bred,
Spend on thy neate, that breed, & erſt haue bred:
Spend on thy ſheepe, & ſee them worm'd and ſhorne:
Spend compoſt on thy land, that brings thee corne,
Spend on thy wife, and ſee her ſeemely clad,
For ſuch expence in duetie muſt be had:
Spend on thy ſonne, to get inſtruction,
That he may liue by art, when wealth is gone.
Spend on thy ſeruants, paying them their wage,
And they will ſerue thee truely in thine age:
Spend ſtripes on him, whom words may not retaine,

Yet ſpend to mend by ſtroaks, but not to maime;
Thus ſpent, wel ſpent: now learne againe to ſaue,
Saue from the *Sycophant*, what he would haue;
Saue frō thy neighbour, that doth preſſe & pray,
To buy thy goods, and neuer meanes to pay:
Saue from th'inſatiate husbandmā thy beefe,
Saue by faſt locks, thy money from a theefe:
Saue by receiuing ſtrangers, and eſtates,
Be not at home to all, keepe faſt thy gates:
Saue by forbearing companie, and dice,
Saue by well husbanding, thy graine from mice:
Saue by thy market, and thy ſale againe,
Buy cheape, ſell deare, thy profit quites thy paine:
Saue in thy diet, ſpend as thou maiſt get,
And lay vp ſome for age, the reſt for debt.
Briefly, ſo ſpend, as thou maiſt ſaue to buy,
So ſpare, as thou maiſt ſpend, and get thereby.
Thus in requital of thy kind good will,
My hart as kind, (though power be weakned ſtil:)
Preſents great thanks, theſe counſailes graue, and true,
And till my next, occaſion bids adue.

To Maſter Michael Drayton.

Epiſtle. 5.

Michael, as much good hap vnto thy ſtate,
As Orators haue figures to dilate:
As many crownes, as *Alchymiſts* haue ſhifts,
Briefly, ſo many goods, as thou haſt guifts:
I heare ſome vpſtart Rymer ſet a gog
By writing poems on the *Lician* frog,
Or *Tithons Graſhopper* growes enuious,
And will be famous with *Archilochus*:
Alas for them that by ſcurrilitie,
Would purchaſe fame and immortalitie:
But know this frend, true excellence depends,
On numbers aim'd to good, and happie ends:
What els hath wanton poetrie enioy'd
But this? *Alas thy wit was ill imploy'd.*
What reaſon mou'd the golden *Auguſtine*,
To name our poetrie, vaine errors wine?
Or *Hierome*, (deeply ſighted in theſe euils)
To tearme it nothing, but the food of deuils?
Nought but the miſimployment of our guifts,
Ordain'd for arts, but ſpent in ſhameles ſhifts.
Looke as the ſunne-beame in a burning glaſſe

Doth

A fig for Momus.

Doth kindle fire, where euer it doth paſſe,
But freely ſpred vpon th'ingendring earth,
Egs on the ſpring, and kils the cauſe of dearth:
So poetrie reſtraind in errors bounds,
With poiſoned words,& ſinful ſweetnes wounds,
But clothing vertue, and adorning it,
Wit ſhines in vertue, vertue ſhines in wit:
True ſcience ſuted in well couched rimes,
Is nouriſhed for fame in after times.
Thou then ſweet friend,grieue not though folly thriue,
Fame got by it, dies ere it is aliue:
Be thou a prentize to a bleſſed Muſe,
Which grace with thy good words will ſtil infuſe:
Oh let that holy flame,that heauenly light,
That led old *Abrahams* race in darkeſome night:
Oh let that ſtar, which ſhining neuer ceaſt
To guide the Sages of balme-breathing Eaſt,
Conduct thy Muſe vnto that loftie pitch,
Which may thy ſtyle with praiſes more enritch.
They waſh a *More*, they ſtriue to drie the ſeas,
And plaine proud *Atlas* that intend to pleaſe,
By filthie words,by rayling and detraction,
Proper to *Momus*, and his hatefull faction:
For when they thinke they haue deſerued moſt,
Alas ſaith wiſdome,all this toyle is loſt:

But all this while I haue forgot my text,
I muſt remember now, what followes next:
I haue perus'd, thy learned nines and threes,
And ſcan'd them in their natures and degrees:
And to thy choice, *Apologie* applie,
This ſodaine tribute of my memorie.
And firſt for three, which *Bartas* wiſely names
The firſt of ods, which multiplied, frames
The ſacred number nine: Three doth include
The name beloued by beatitude:
Three doth expreſſe the lincke and vnion
That knitteth one to two, and two in one:
Three doth include his infinite in three,
And is the ſtep to immortalitie:
Three hath his center of the ſecond one,
His true beginning, and his end alone:
The true *Pythagoriſts*, (as I haue red)
Doe tearme the triangle, *Mineruas* hed:
And in their purifying bathing vs'd,
By threes, to ſprinckle water once infus'd:
Theſe threes ſo famous, are the ſteps to nine
Sacred vnto the Muſes moſt diuine,
This number in proportions muſicall
Is diſſonant: and *Aſtrologians* call
The ſame *Siniſter* for ſome ſecret worke;

Or

Or hidden fate, that in the ſame doth lurke:
Heſiodus in his *Theogonie*,
Vnder *Styx*, nine fould ſtreame doth ſignifie,
The diſcords, and complexions of mans bodie:
Pierias Michael, if thou liſt to ſee,
Will tell thee more, this ſhall ſuffice for me.
Here muſt I needes abruptlie make an end,
Call'd to diſcourſe with old *Amintas* frend,
When he is gone, and I get time to wright:
Thou ſhalt haue more, til then ſweet friend goodnight.

In praiſe of his Miſtris dogge.
Epiſtle. 6.

MAdam, my Muſe wing'd by your kind requeſt,
To praiſe a dog hath ſolemnly profeſt,
And for reward, deſires no further grace,
Then for a night to grant me Pretties place:
Oh you hie eies the worth of my diſcourſe,
Succour my Muſe to end her vowed courſe:
Diuiner *Plato*, firſt (vnder pretence
To teach the ſouldier faith, and diligence)
Compares him to a dogge, that ceaſles keepes
His maſters tent, and chamber, when he ſleepes:
That howles when he is ſicke, that barkes, & bites,

When as accurſt by wrongs, he eger fights:
The *Greeks*, and *Latines*, lou'd theſe creatures ſo,
That in their publique ſeſſions to and fro,
They let them paſſe, where men of better ſort,
Were not permitted freely to reſort:
The ancient houſhould Gods for ornament,
Wore dogskins on their backs: to this intent,
To ſignifie that as the ſpaniell baies,
When as the theefe his maſters dore aſſaies:
So they, when dangers ſhould the houſe attempt,
Propitious, ſhould purſuing plagues preuent.
Them *Cicero* admir'd, them *Ægypt* lou'd,
And by their *Hiroglyphique* ſigne approu'd.
The dignitie of perfect confidence,
And courage ſcorning inconuenience:
The *Bactrians*, and the *Caſpians*, by their dombes,
In life made them their mates: in death their tombes.
Th'Ægyptians, in their ſacred letters place,
A dog diſtraunged of his head, and face,
Fore-tokning by the ſame obedience due,
To louing maſters, by their ſeruants true:
Nor can that fained folly winne regard,
Wherein the former poets did award:
Life-taming *Aconite to Cerberus:*
Nor can the ſtorie of *Heraclitus*,

Be held for true, whereby in ſpaniels skorne,
Tis publiſhed, that he by them was torne.
But of their faith, what ſtories cannot boaſt?
Liſimachus, when as his life was loſt;
And funerall prepar'd, and herſe arrai'd,
And faire addreſt, & frends with griefe diſmai'd;
Began to burne his corſe with many teares,
His faithfull dog that ſeru'd him many yeares,
In ſelfeſame fire, that burnt his kingly corſe,
Conſum'd to duſt, freely without inforce:
Zantippus ſayling from th'Athenian-ſtrand,
Was follow'd by his faithfull hound to land:
And *Philips* ſonne (as *Theopompe* doth wright)
In faithfull *Pertha* tooke ſo great delight,
That being dead, who gaue him ſo much game,
He built a towne in honour of his name:
The *Ptamphuonians* on the *Afrique* coaſt
Do reuerence the faithfull ſpaniell moſt,
And ſetting light by other liuing things,
Midſt them, elect and chuſe their crowned Kings.
The ſtout *Venetians* being in diſgrace,
With *Clement* Pope of *Rome* a certaine ſpace,
By no ſubmiſſion, could remiſſion gaine,
Till their Embaſſadors tied in a chaine,
Crept dog-like vnder table, where he ſat,

And by this meanes their publique pardon gat:
Nor is it womaniſh to aid, or helpe,
To combe, to currle, to feede a prettie whelpe,
Since all the kings of *Perſia*, where they eate,
Play with their dogs, & kindly giue them meate:
Thus for your dog, my doggrell rime hath runnne
no common courſe, wherein if I haue done
Ought pleaſant to your eares, thanke both your eies,
Which are the Load-ſtars of my poeſies.

The Anatomie of Alchymie.

Epiſtle. 7.

THou doſt deſire, (and haſt deſeru'd farre more,)
To gather my opinion in my Rimes,
In what regard I hould that hidden lore,
Ycleped *Alchymie* theſe latter times:
To ſatisfie this expectation,
Sweet frend conceiue much matter, in few lines,
This fruite of fooliſh innouation
Is firſt condemn'd by deepeſt-red diuines,
Not as an art, but as the ſeale of ſhift,
The perſecution of natures power,
Diuine in ſhow, in proofe, a ſubtill drift,
To couſen ſlight-beleeuers euerie hower:

For

For if with iealous eies we iuſtly prie
Into the ſcope, and iſſue of the ſame
Nature, (the miſtres of Philoſophie)
Is loſt herein, and wanteth power, and name:
The artiſts, and the practizers hereof
Reſemble *Cacus* creeping from his den,
The common ſubiects of each publique ſcof,
The refuſe race, of labour-tyred men.
Their purpoſe is to drag out by the eares
A quint-eſſence to fixe and faſhion gold.
To cloth decrepit age with youthly yeares,
To quicken plants by nature fruitles old,
But al theſe promis'd mountaines proue a mouſe,
Theſe ſilly idiots plie the fire ſo faſt;
That ſodainly they blow vp man and houſe,
And both their wealths, & wits, & fortunes waſt:
Yet theſe quark-ſaluers for a colour ſake
Pretend ſome phyſicall experiments,
And mightie cures with boldnes vndertake,
But all their ſcience is but complements:
They by their words enritch beleeuing ſots,
Whereas in deede they emptie all their chiſts,
And where they promiſe gold, by glutting pots,
They beg for groats, and part with empty fiſts:
And as along the ſhores of *Cicely*,

A fig for Momus.

The *Syrens* charme by their enchanting noates
The paſſengers to ſeeke their ieopardie,
So theſe by bootles hopes, do cut mens throates:
So that this ſtudie, (as ſome writers deeme)
Is but a pleaſing madnes at the beſt,
Drawn on by dreames,& thoughts of things which ſeem,
Till richly left, be poorely diſpoſſeſt:
The fauorites of this too fond conceite,
At laſt through loſſe of ſubſtance,and of time,
Robb'd, and bereft of rent,and olde receite,
Are like a craſed clocke,that cannot chime:
Olde,clothles, meatles, ſmelling brimſtone ſtill,
Beſmeer'd with cole-duſt,from their furnace brought,
Plagu'd with the palſie, (letchers common ill)
By tempring of quick-ſiluer quickly cought:
Their riches are the droppings of their noſe,
Where els beſide,the ſlaues are brought ſo low;
That for three farthings they will beg,and gloſe,
And ſel their ſoules,& teach what ere they know.
In briefe,when other ſubtill ſhifts doe faile,
They fall to coyning,& from thence by courſe
Through hempen windowes learne to ſhake their taile,
And louers to die ſo, leſt they liue farre worſe.
But ſoft ſir wiſe (cries one) and puffes with ire,
And cals me prating knaue,that ſpeake ſo large

Of

Of ſuch a ſacred thing, which (but the fire)
Is compact quickly with a little charge:
Yea, when the *Grecian Calends* come (quoth I)
For why? *Philoſophie* nere knew this art,
But ſome vaine vpſtarts, (ſonnes of ſubtletie,
As *Giberis*, and witles *Saleſart*,
Bacam, and *Hermes* father of this fraud,
Began the ſame in termes, and words obſcure,
(To ſtudious of deceit and fooliſh laud,)
Hoping by toyes to make their craft endure:
But let vs marke their miſteries and ſpels
Their vaine *Ænigmata* and *Problemes* darke.
Firſt aske they where the flying Eagle dwels,
Next of the dancing fooles, craft coyning clarke,
Then of the Lyon greene, and flying hart.
Next of the Dragon, ſwallowing his tayle,
Then of the ſwelling toade, they prattle art,
Next of more blacke, then blacke, they chuſe to tayle,
Then of the crowes head, tell they waighty things,
And ſtraight of *Hermes* ſcale, they ſighing ſpeake,
Some of their *Lutum ſapientiæ* ſings,
Thus on theſe toies, their bitter ieſts they breake.
Alas, alas, how vanitie hath power
To draw mens minds from vertue, vnder hope
Of fading treaſures? *Danaes* golden ſhower

Doth rauiſh wits, and leades them from their ſcope:
Yet vnto *Artiſts* will I ſing a ſaw,
Perhaps may ſmell of art, though I haue none,
Wherein by reaſons light, and natures law,
Ile dreame of beeing, which they build vpon,
There is a thing in ſubſtance full compleate,
Not wholely earthly, nor inflam'd too much,
Not ſimply watrie, though it water eate,
Not ſharpeſt, nor yet dulleſt in the touch,
A qualitie light felt, and apt in curing,
And ſomewhat ſoft, at leaſtwiſe not too hard,
Not bitter, but in taſt ſome ſweet procuring:
Sweet-ſmelling, much delighting mans regard.
It feedes the eare, it amplifies the thought,
Except to thoſe that know it, it is nought;
Briefly, ſweet frend, I thinke of *Alchymie*,
As erſt *Thucidides* the learned clarke,
Defynd a woman full of honeſtie:
(In plaine diſcourſe, but not in riddles darke:)
That woman (ſaid the ſage) is beſt of all,
In whoſe diſpraiſe, or praiſe, leſſe ſpeech is had,
That *Alchymie* say I is beſt of all,
Which few mens reaſons can approue for bad:
Thus much of *Alchymie*, and thus an end,
Though thou commend not, frendly I commend.

FINIS.

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